UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Skepticism and Blind Faith

By M. C. OTTO

The William E. Borah Outlawry of War Foundation

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Creative Pacifism

By HANS KOHN

The Italian Election

By DOROTHY WALTON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, APRIL 29, 1929 NUMBER 9

NON-RESISTANCE IN ACTION

"One day the room had been invaded by a mob of students and curiosity-seekers, more disposed to turn all things to ridicule than to listen to the speeches and the testimonies. The hymns followed one another, disturbed by howls and sneers, and when the officer (Salvation Army) presiding over the meeting attempted to speak, it was in vain that he asked for silence. . . . The tumult in the room increased to such a pitch that it seemed necessary to call in the police to re-establish order. I will never forget the scene that followed. Upon a signal from the president, an officer came forward to the center of the platform. She was slight and pale, and seemed the image of unarmed feebleness facing insolent brutality. At first she did not speak, contenting herself by gazing at the assembly with a serenity that soon commanded respect. Then she began to sing in a sweet sad voice, and the tumult ceased little by little, and soon the entire meeting hung upon her lips. . . . The song having ended, she was able to deliver her message. The crowd was conquered. An atmosphere of surprising calm had settled over the room. This woman who was speaking had neither learning nor talent, and all her eloquence came solely from her profound faith. . . . But such an impression of spiritual power radiated from her entire being that the most frivolous were subdued." ...
Aimé Pallière, in *The Unknown Sanctuary,* translated by *Louise W. (Mrs. Stephen S.) Wise.*

The situation in India gets more critical every hour. Tension is great between those who still adhere resolutely to Mahatma Gandhi's policy of non-violence, and those who are obviously turning to the use of force as the only weapon the West is able to understand. The hideous outrage on April 8th, when bombs were thrown in the Indian Legislative Assembly, in the presence of Sir John Simon, the chairman of the Commission of Inquiry, is at this writing the latest evidence of what is pending. What connection, if any, this outbreak had with the widespread rounding up of labor leaders in various Indian cities a fortnight earlier, and with the steadily mounting campaign of opposition to Sir John's Commission, newspaper despatches do not indicate. But it needs no reporter to tell that the fire is spreading in India, and may burst out into conflagration at any moment. At such contingency of violence and terror, there stands Gandhi, ready as always to hold out the hand of comradeship to the English, and lead, as he alone can, the sure and perfect way to peace. What stupidity, or what madness is it, that keeps the Empire from seeing that the Mahatma is their friend, and among Indians the only man who can bring reconciliation and understanding. Gandhi's influence is as great today as ever, his example as potent. But even Gandhi can do little if he is rebuffed, condemned, arrested, outlawed, and thus rendered helpless as a leader of his people. Sooner or later, under such conditions, the fanatics of force are bound to burst beyond all control—and then the deluge of blood and horror! One year ago, in the face of such opposition as he has seldom faced, Gandhi persuaded the All-India National Congress to be patient another year. At the end of that time (December 31, 1929), Gandhi definitely promised that, unless England accepted the national demand for *Swaraj,* he would lead the people in a non-violent struggle for independence. The sands are running out. England is doing nothing but repress and punish. Yet, as C. F. Andrews has so recently declared, "nothing but a great and generous deed on the part of British statesmen can save the situation now from disaster."

Some weeks ago a group of New York lawyers organized themselves into a public committee for the help and relief of offenders arrested under the so-called Jones Act for selling or transporting liquor in violation of the national Prohibition law. The penalties imposed under this Act (5 years in prison, $10,000 fine), were regarded by these estimable lawyers as excessive and cruel and they therefore came forward as disinterested champions of distressed citizens, oppressed by the tyranny of government. Years ago, as far back as 1919, a so-called Sedition Act was passed in the State of Pennsylvania. This Act was recently declared to be constitutional by a decision of the State Supreme Court affirming the conviction of three members of the Workers' Party who had been prosecuted under the Act for distributing Communist literature. In accordance with the provisions of this Sedition Act as thus affirmed by the State Supreme Court, each one of the three offenders has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and $500 fine. Commenting upon this case, the American Civil Liberties Union announces that "the literature they had distributed is allowed to go freely through the mails and is passed unchallenged in practically all other states." The cruel injustice in this case is obvious, and yet I do not hear of any com-

mittee of lawyers organized in Pennsylvania to help these unhappy members of the Workers' Party, or any others similarly afflicted under the ferocious Sedition Acts which were passed in many states in the period of hysteria following the Great War. On the contrary, nothing was more appalling than the complete complaisance of the legal profession in the face of such enormities of persecution upon weak and helpless people as have been numerous throughout the nation during the past decade. It is this sort of thing that makes some of us sick and tired of all the clamorous protest that is now heard against the iniquities of the Prohibition law. Liberty is a great issue, but we cannot get excited over this business of the liberty to drink when liberties of really central importance to the life of a free people and the integrity of a free republic are being outraged and violated on every hand without protest.

It seems something like a joke for Harry F. Sinclair to go to jail on the misdemeanor charge of refusing to answer certain questions addressed to him by a Senate investigating committee. We suppose we should be glad that a rich man like Mr. Sinclair can be put behind the bars for any offense at all, but in the light of the record it seems like putting a man guilty of murder in jail for refusing to obey the traffic laws. The very court, which has now caught him in this minor fault, earlier described him as taking part in a lease "made fraudulently by means of collusion and conspiracy," and in a proceeding "tainted with fraud and corruption throughout." On these charges, all centering in the famous and infamous Teapot Dome conspiracy, the law was unable to catch Sinclair. The failure to convict in this case is perhaps the most notorious contemporary instance of the collapse of criminal law in this country. But now, for a mere trifle, a case of stubborn personal obstinacy, he must serve a three month's sentence, and thus really see the inside of a prison cell. A man like Sinclair will scorn this punishment. But behind this, and beyond it, is another punishment which he cannot escape and cannot scorn. We refer to that condemnation of public opinion which has branded this arrogant man as it has no other man in this present generation. As long as he lives, Sinclair will walk among his fellows as a moral leper; and when he dies, he will be doomed in history to the horrid memory of shame. The comment of the New York *Times* upon his case is as just as it is pitiless:

> The irony of justice, which has caught him and may or may not hold him, only by means of petty or subsidiary transactions, does but sharpen by contrast the pitiless penalty which he is to pay. Wherever he goes men and women will whisper and point at him. Against the verdict of public opinion there is no appeal; nor does the sentence end with life. It continues so long as American history is read.

Let two men start traveling 'round the globe in opposite directions, and, if they go far enough, they will come together again. Let two movements of opposite tendencies—reactionary and radical—develop their utmost implications, and they will inevitably meet sooner or later on the same ground. This paradoxical truism is just now being beautifully illustrated in Russia, where a new drive against religion is under way. The hostility of the Soviets to all forms of organized religion, especially to the traditional Orthodox Church, is well known. For some time the Church found it almost impossible to make headway against this hostility. The government did not persecute or suppress —it was faithful to the established principle of religious liberty; but the official attitude of opposition was a serious, almost an insuperable, obstacle. Then came a sudden change! The younger, more sincere, and better trained among the clergy began the development of welfare and social work among their people. They got busy organizing what we would call "institutional activities" in their parishes and in the communities at large. The result was excellent—so excellent that the government has become alarmed, and has issued an edict denouncing such work under the guise of "religion." Thus it is now officially declared that

> Activity of all religious units (churches) must be confined to its exercise of religion, and they must not be permitted any economic or cultural work which exceeds the limits of their ministry to the spiritual needs of Soviet citizens.

This is the law of an utterly materialistic government, which sincerely and whole-heartedly regards religion as a superstition and a sham. Yet it sounds to us for all the world like the declaration of some pietistic bishop or deacon in one of our more conservative religious bodies. How often have we heard social welfare work condemned as lying altogether outside the appointed province of the church! And O, how many times we have been told that our sermons and our parish activities must be "spiritual." Christian orthodoxy and Soviet atheism are here completely and happily agreed. Again, as always, extremes meet.

Literary "fakes" are nothing new. But the attempt to foist "fakes" upon the unsuspecting public by securing the endorsement of experts, and *succeeding,* is surely something new under the sun. What are experts for, if they cannot discern an honest tale from an impudently manufactured piece of fiction? Yet these same experts seem to "fall" with a degree of gullibility which is amazing. A famous, though not wholly satisfactory, example of what we mean is Trader Horn. In this case there may well be some doubt as to whether the "yarns" of this old veteran were meant to be taken seriously or not. To the wary reader it was obvious enough that they belonged to that class of literature immortally represented by the great Baron Munchausen. Yet John Galsworthy did something more than suggest that the Trader's tales were true, and the publishers certainly succeeded in

conveying to the public their conviction that here were real stories of a real man. A much more impressive and recent illustration is the now famous "Cradle of the Deep," by Joan Lowell. This was soberly presented to the public as a genuine autobiography. Men trained both in literature and the sea, like William McFee, vouched for its reality. Yet we now know, on Miss Lowell's own confession, that her so-called life-story is largely imaginative. But the supreme instance in our time of "fakery" presented and sustained by experts, is the collection of Lincoln papers recently printed by Ellery Sedgwick in his great journal, the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here was the sensation of the century—hitherto unknown Lincolniana, declared to be genuine not only by Mr. Sedgewick, but also by a long and impressive array of expert opinion! Yet the first instalment of the material had only to be tested by a little ordinary knowledge and common sense, to be shown to be an utter sham. Why all this elaborate "fakery"? "Robinson Crusoe" was presented for what it was—a good story! And why this ridiculous *naiveté* on the part of critics and publishers who are surely old enough to know better?

It is interesting to read that a planetarium is in course of construction in Chicago, and that others are in contemplation in New York and in Philadelphia. We saw a planetarium in Rome this winter, and look back upon the experience as one of the wonder-moments of our life. Any machine more miraculous than this we have never seen, and can simply not imagine. You enter a small circular room, perhaps a hundred feet across, and look up into a cloth-lined dome, perhaps fifty feet high. In the center stands an intricate machine, looking something like a huge, two-ended telescope mounted on a steel frame. At the appointed moment, the lights begin to grow dim; in the western arc of the dome, you see the sun, a center of blazing splendor, sinking to his rest. As he nears the horizon, and the darkness falls, you suddenly see two planets in the eastern sky. It is now quite dark, and the sky becomes bright with many stars. At last, the sun is gone; and lo, above your head, you see the glory of the firmament as it shines with its myriad gems in a cloudless midnight sky. That last, climactic moment, when in the blackness all the stars leap out, is as breath-taking as a plunge into an icy stream. Then the stars begin to move—infinitely faster, of course, than in the sky itself—a night passes in a minute!—but in exactly the rotation and proportionate speed of the cosmic spheres. Before your eyes, you see the starry universe. The sun rises again, and all the stars are gone. It sets again, and this time is followed by the moon, which, shining in silvery lustre, dims the stars. Then the moon sets, and it is once more black night, and all the heavenly host are marshalled anew for their timeless procession from pole to pole. This planetarium, a man-made machine, reproduces with exact precision the vast mechanism of the firmament. We do not see how a university can get along without one. Every great city should have one. The planetarium is a last word of poetry and science.

Skepticism and Blind Faith

We think of ours as an age of skepticism. We do not believe as readily as men once did, we say, nor do we hold to beliefs as tenaciously in the face of conflicting facts. When Galileo published his discoveries, many even intellectual people refused to consider them, shrinking with horror from looking through his microscope. What Galileo announced would, if accepted, compel the adoption of a new view of the universe, and that was enough to inhibit investigation and belief. Compare with this our attitude toward the certainly equally revolutionary theories originating with Einstein. We do not understand these theories; we could not appraise the demonstrations on which they rest if we were to examine them; but there is necessity for neither, for we are predisposed to believe things radically new without waiting for understanding or proof. And in so far as this disposition is evidence of the frailty of our attachment to what we believe, it is a form of skepticism.

The claim can be made that we are skeptical in another sense. Defining skepticism as the unwillingness to believe except on the best accredited evidence, we show ourselves to be more critical than was once customary. It is this general confidence in scientific demonstration which accounts for considerable of the contemporary readiness to accept the relativity and quantum theories without protest. The people who like, Cardinal O'Connell, raise their voices against it, are not representative of the age. The spirit of the age endorses the outlook and procedure of science. Everybody—business man, economist, educator, religionist—wants it known that he is on friendly, if not familiar, terms with science; in other words, with what he regards as the best method of distinguishing valid from invalid beliefs.

We are skeptical in another way. If we turn to what we used to call the domain of the spirit, a third kind of skepticism, deeper going than the others, shows itself to prevail. The atmosphere which our fathers breathed was tonic with religious, moral, and political idealism. The contemporary American is emotionally committed to no religion, he is without a moral phil-

osophy, and he has no faith in political institutions. Perhaps our fathers were deceived. Well, if the possibility had been suggested to them, they would have replied in words like those of Franklin K. Lane, one of the noblest public servants America ever produced: "Suffer the illusion to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." It was natural and easy for them to believe what it is unnatural and difficult for us to believe. The fact is that in spiritual matters we lack belief in believing, which may be regarded as the ultimate in skepticism.

A generation or two ago, certain great ideals had power in American life. Men thought of themselves as working out on this continent a commonwealth devised to guarantee the opportunity for a satisfying life to every man, woman, and child. They often fell short in practice, and the ideal was in some of its features utopian, but the thing aimed at was vital and noble, and the personal qualities growing out of devotion to it were fine and admirable. There is something at once liberating and steadying in the feeling that one is participant in a great corporate venture which is to achieve happier, more significant lives for mankind. This common devotion, by virtue of which men and women scattered over this broad land were in a real sense one people, is no longer alive in us. Not only do we no longer invite the disappointed of other nations to try the venture with us, but we have no faith in trying it ourselves. And something very significant for human kind has passed away in the dissipation of this ideal.

Then, too, our ancestors believed in the reality of the moral sphere. They could distinguish between a noble and a base action or character without apoligizing to their minds for so doing. Their moral ideas were often provincial; their moral judgments could be unyielding; their adherence to them sometimes led to cruelty; but at any rate they possessed the means of appraising the quality of conduct and of disciplining desires. They could face the issues of life with the rational intention of turning conduct to higher ends. Somewhere along the route we lost contact with this philosophy. If we still use moral terms, this must not mislead us into believing that a living ideal necessarily exists to justify our language. The contemporary attitude is well expressed by a recent writer in these words: "Leading a pure and noble life is precisely the same kind of thing as dressing properly and taking off one's hat to a lady." Some people are easily coerced into being generous and considerate, others are pretty much able to do as they like. Well, so do some people prefer to dine in a business suit, while others are more at home in a tuxedo or in "tails." This is putting the case somewhat baldly, but it depicts the situation. In so far as we hold ourselves to standards we do so recognizing that they represent a fashion of the hour. They do not take root in a profounder conception of things to which we would, if possible, have convention conform.

Americans were devoted to another idea. They thought of themselves as linked with others in a glorious human destiny under the protection of the divine father of us all. This outlook tended in many cases to morbid and sentimental exaggeration, but in general it expanded our scheme of life into vaster reaches and brought balance into the quest for material goods. Men paused in making a living to meditate on the purpose of life. They were saved in some degree from becoming what their physical circumstances would have made them, crass materialists, devotees of mere external comfort, misers of economic goods. Here, too, we have left the ideal behind. It lingers in formulas, but the spirit is departed. And the qualities of personal life which it nurtured are departed too.

Contrasted with our skeptical attitude in these matters is our attitude of blind faith in another department of life. Take the social ideal known as "Prosperity." Who has any doubts about that? A few "radicals," perhaps, but certainly not the great mass of respectable citizens, male and female. This great mass recently recorded its convictions on the subject, and in unambiguous terms. If any criticism lies against "Prosperity," it is that there is not enough of it, or that its stream of blessing is flowing in the wrong direction. Even many so-called radicals are of this persuasion. They endorse the scheme of life which the word "Prosperity" symbolizes, and object only to the fact that the economic advantages of its functioning are enjoyed by the wrong class.

Or consider the economic and political arrangement under which we live, the system of institutions, customs, and occupations referred to when we speak of the *status quo*. Do we have doubts about that? Scarcely. Rather than run the risk of disturbing the *status quo* we permit men to be put to death or to remain in prison whom we have failed to prove guilty of crime; we condone the flagrant violation of laws; we remain unmoved by ruthless economic injustice. If we admit any defeat in the *status quo,* it is ascribed to the fact that the present arrangement is not yet perfect in its own character. We are unable seriously to face the question whether it is not precisely its very character which is wrong, so that the more perfect it becomes, the more wrong it will be. We are unable to face this question because our lives are dominated by the blind faith that things as they are represented, in principle, the final achievement of human genius. No human being ever believed the dogmas of his religion more stubbornly or blindly than we believe the dogmas on which the present economic arrangement rests.

A people's skepticism reflects their faith. We do not believe in things of the spirit because we believe

blindly in material things. The challenge is clear. All the forces which are concerned for man's higher life have as their most important task the interchange of the objects of faith and skepticism. Men and women must be made uncertain with regard to the ideals they are sure of and sure with regard to the ideals they doubt. The prospect is somewhat gloomy, for the institutions to which we must look for the doing of the work—schools and churches—are, even where they have a sense of their opportunity, cowed into submission by the leaders of the prevailing faith. But there are men and women of ability, courage, and vision in the educational and religious fields who do not belong to the majority. They are raising attractive banners. There is hope that more and more Americans will dare to march with them. And presently — some people think very soon—a rumor may spread from the material camp itself, that the ideal we have been so wholeheartedly accepting, has betrayed us. In any case, we live in a time when social idealism has work to do.

M. C. Otto.

The William E. Borah Outlawry of War Foundation

The newspapers of the country have carried announcement of the handsome gift of $55,000 presented to the University of Idaho on April 15 last by Mr. Salmon O. Levinson, for the establishment of what is to be known as the William Edgar Borah Outlawry of War Foundation. Our readers are therefore familiar with what is destined to be long remembered as one of the most fitting and lovely events in the history of this great campaign for peace which has recently culminated in the adoption by the nations of the Briand-Kellogg Treaty. We refer to the matter here that we may present for the exact information of our readers, and for the sake of the record of Outlawry which Unity has kept more fully than any other journal in this country, the documents which attach to the establishment of so great and notable a Foundation.

Mr. Levinson had had in mind for sometime the creation of some memorial which might perpetuate Senator Borah's name, and the service which he has so effectively and unselfishly rendered in aid of the greatest of all humanitarian causes, world peace. What had been a sentiment within his heart was crystallized into a clear and immediate idea on the day when he watched from the Senate gallery the magnificent work of Senator Borah in the debate on the Paris Pact—his matchless skill in argument, his consummate strategic ability in mobilizing and holding together the different groups of senators, his brilliancy in answering conclusively and finally the many questions asked in challenge of his position, and in the end his masterly argument that ground to powder the opposition that unexpectedly appeared in the last half-hour before the vote was taken. It was at that moment that Mr. Levinson, thrilled and fascinated by the spectacle of the Senator's performance, resolved forthwith to take the step which would memorialize his work, and at the same time glorify the great achievement which had laid firm and sure the foundations of the structure of world peace.

In a letter to the University of Idaho, Mr. Levinson wrote as follows:

"I desire to give to the University of Idaho an amount in securities and cash totaling the sum of fifty-five thousand dollars to be held and administered in perpetuity as an endowment fund in honor of my friend, Senator William Edgar Borah, and to be known as the William Edgar Borah Outlawry of War Foundation.

"Of such amount the sum of five thousand dollars or such portion thereof as may be necessary shall be used for a portrait or bust of William Edgar Borah to be placed in a suitable room connected with the work of such Foundation in the University. The place is to be at the discretion of the Board of Regents.

"The remaining fifty thousand dollars or more shall become an endowment fund and shall be invested and reinvested by the University in its discretion or in the discretion of the Board of Regents thereof free from any restriction now or hereafter imposed by law upon the investment of trust funds, and the net income thereof shall be used to maintain a lectureship or other means for the promotion of the purposes of the Foundation at the discretion of the University of Idaho.

"If any time after ten years from the date hereof the University of Idaho in its official discretion shall decide that the Outlawry of War has been such an accomplished international fact that this precise subject needs no further educational exploitation then the endowment fund shall nevertheless continue intact and the income therefrom shall be used under the name of the William Edgar Borah Foundation for other educational purposes, always featuring therein the great contributions of William Edgar Borah to the cause of world peace and representative democracy.

"In the event that the University of Idaho deems it necessary to take such action and make such declarations its discretion shall be wide. But whatever is done must be in commemoration of the life and work of William Edgar Borah.

"In using and expending the income from the endowment fund the University of Idaho is invested with liberal discretion in furtherance of the purpose of the endowment.

"In the event that the income derived from the endowment fund shall exceed the amount required from time to time for the purpose of the Foundation the surplus of such income shall be added to the principal of the fund to such an extent as the University shall in its unfettered discretion deem necessary or proper to carry out the purposes of the Foundation.

"Upon acceptance of this proposal by the Board of Regents of the University of Idaho, I shall be pleased to complete the gift in a manner satisfactory to the Board of Regents to the aggregate amount mentioned."

In answer to this munificent gift, the Regents of the University of Idaho formally adopted the following resolution:

"In recognition of the priceless contribution of Senator William Edgar Borah to the cause of world peace through his masterly advocacy of the Outlawry of War, and out of deep admiration and friendship for him, Salmon Oliver Levinson, of Chicago, offers to the Board of Regents of the University of Idaho to create, and endow to the amount of fifty-five thousand dollars, the William Edgar Borah Outlawry of War Foundation. The purpose of the Foundation is to establish in the University of Idaho a lectureship for the promotion of a better understanding of international relations, of the age-old

struggle with the baffling problem of war, and of the vital part played in its solution by William Edgar Borah.

"The sum of fifty-five thousand dollars shall be in initiation and support of the William Edgar Borah Foundation and the Board of Regents of the University of Idaho hereby accepts the same to be used as follows:

"For a portrait or bust of William Edgar Borah to be placed in the room of the University of Idaho most intimately associated with the above Foundation, the sum of $5,000.

"For an endowment of such Foundation, the principal of which shall remain inviolate and the income from which shall be devoted at the discretion of the Board of Regents to the purposes of such Foundation, the sum of $50,000.

"The Board of Regents of the University of Idaho hereby expresses its gratitude to Mr. Levinson for this endowment and for his generous appreciation of Senator Borah's unselfish devotion to durable world peace."

Thus was consummated the establishment of the William E. Borah Outlawry of War Foundation in the State University of Idaho! We hail this as an act of beautiful friendship between two great servants of the public good, an act of worthy tribute to the American statesman who is more largely responsible for the success of the Outlawry campaign than any statesman in this or any other country, and an act also of happy celebration of the unforgettable achievement of peace which has been accomplished in this our time. "Without doubt," says President Kelly, of the University of Idaho, "Senator Borah has been the leading statesman in the advocacy of the Outlawry movement. That Idaho should be the home of this leader is something of which the state is, of course, proud. That the University should be able thus to recognize him by virtue of a gift from one who has given so generously of his time and finances to this case is doubly gratifying." Referring to Mr. Levinson, the President continues: "The donor is recognized internationally as the originator of the plan for the Outlawry of War which Senator Borah has championed so vigorously in the United States Senate for years, and which forms the basis of the recently ratified Kellogg Peace Pact. Mr. Levinson had had no contact with public affairs until after the close of the World War. The world efforts to bring permanent peace attracted him and he advanced his plan for delegalizing war as the first essential step toward doing away with it . . . since 1917 he has worked incessantly to bring his Outlawry of War ideal to fruition." Now the triumph has come, and, with wholly characteristic modesty and generosity, Mr. Levinson turns in gratitude to Senator Borah who bore the heat and labor of the day for this great cause in the public forum of the world.

Mr. Levinson's gift does equal credit to both the men concerned. We think we should be utterly happy if this noble action by Mr. Levinson should be crowned in due season by the conferring upon him in turn of the Nobel Prize for Peace.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

XII

Jerusalem Again!

Our automobile trip had taken us through Galilee and Syria, back to Judaea, a distance of more than 900 miles. We had been on the road for ten successive days in all kinds of weather, mostly stormy. Jerusalem seemed like home again as we climbed the steep ascent from Tel-Aviv, and looked once more upon the ancient pillars of the Jaffa Gate. Our stay was to last five days longer, and all these days were to be spent in the City of David.

The Streets

It seemed good to be on these streets again, and to gaze upon the most cosmopolitan population in the world. Surely in no other community is such variety of costumes, customs, races, creeds, and manners. So amazing is the phantasmagoria, that no one is any longer surprised at anything. Within a single city block, in the space of five minutes or less, one may see a score of startling figures, any one of which would stop all traffic in New York City. But nobody pays any attention in Jerusalem! Here is a black Nubian gorgeously apparalled in a great white robe with golden belt and buckle. In the street rides a magnificent Arab upon a gayly caparisoned charger. Along the sidewalk move a group of black-robed priests with handsome beards, and long, curly, thick-bound hair. In the gutter strolls a careless vagabond driving a flock of turkeys, majestically before him. Youthful Jews, with fresh faces and long earlocks dangling by their cheeks, hasten in gladness along the sunny way. A woman passes, closely clad and thickly veiled. Here comes a train of camels, six in line, scornfully oblivious of the hurrying scene. A patient donkey canters by, a solemn old man astride his haunches. A superb woman, with a huge jar poised upon her head, walks with noble stride along the crowded road. A blind beggar, clad picturesquely in his rags, whines for alms, and cries in loud complaint if none is given. A flock of sheep now suddenly blocks all the street. A group of English soldiers saunter by; Bedouins loaf in every corner; Egyptians offer wares or wait for bargains. What a scene is this! A dozen nations in your eye, a half-score languages in your ear. Yet nobody looks or listens, save only the untutored American who never before has seen anything like this.

I never tired of the Jerusalem streets. Especially David Street—narrow as a back alley, steep as a Naples hillside, lined with shops, and thronged from morn till night with haggling traders from all the four quarters of the world! Only once did I see this street quiet—in a late evening stroll when my son and I set out to see the Mosque of Omar by moonlight. We saw the Mosque for a fleeting moment bathed in lustre and crowned with stars, but this was "snooping," and an alert guard soon put us to flight. So we plunged

again into the darkness of David Street. The shuttered shops gave everywhere the appearance of a dead city. Shut out from the sky by the low archways overhead, we found no light to guide our stumbling steps save an occasional lantern which only increased the surrounding blackness. Now and again we saw a candle gleam behind a latticed window up above, and here and there were pools of light from open taverns. We paused in such places to see old men ponderously smoking their water-pipes, and eager gamesters bending over cards and counters. One little room leading direct from the street was crowded with silent figures listening to a turbanned man who stood behind a rude table reading passionately from a book. Was it the Koran—or some tale of eastern adventure? Always these taverns were quiet, the guests absorbed and still, no drinking or carousing. The Moslem ban on liquor does its excellent work! Such places, however, were few. David Street was as empty by night as it was crowded by day. Its silence was almost uncanny—no baby's cry, no man's laugh, no woman's scream! Yet people were living in all these upper stories, and hidden away in the walls in these side alleys. Jerusalem goes to bed early. By nine o'clock the city has fallen into slumber. As we walked along that night, we met a berobed old man thumping the pavement with his cane, a young man treading cat-like in the shadows, three or four officers on their beats, perhaps one or two others. But we saw no woman, and in block after block not a living soul. I envied the East its habit of living naturally and happily by the sun.

Bethlehem and Hebron

But I had little time for wandering in this idle fashion. These last precious days were crowded with interviews with important people, and there was one more excursion—this time southward to Bethlehem and Hebron.

Bethlehem was reached on an icy-cold, yet sunny Sunday, in a quick half-hour by automobile. I did my best to like the town, as I liked Nazareth. I thought of its old memories, running clear back to the time of David. I looked at its attractive setting in the lap of the barren hills. I even recited Phillips Brooks's lovely hymn—

> O, little town of Bethlehem,
> How still we see thee lie;
> Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
> The silent stars go by.

But it was all in vain! Bethlehem cast no spell on me. Perhaps it was because I saw it in the glaring light of noon-time, and not, as Phillips Brooks did, in darkness and silence underneath the stars. Perhaps it was because I disliked its prosperity—its fat monasteries, its gaudy churches and its long line of mansions of the rich. Perhaps it was because I have no faith at all that Jesus was born in this place, accepting rather Renan's verdict that he was born in Nazareth. More likely I was disgusted by the Church of the Nativity, with its preposterous shams of the stable and the manger, and its equally preposterous divisions of area between Latin, Greek, Coptic and other warring Christian sects. Every condition was favorable to appreciation. The sun was bright, and the sky a gorgeous blue. It was Sunday morning, and the streets were filled with Bethlehem women in their picturesquely distinctive head-dresses. I even encountered a guide who refused to take a tip, and thus opened a new era in human history. But nothing served to move me to any joy or content in this old town. I might visit Palestine a dozen times, and never see it again.

But Hebron was different! What a glorious old place! It was Sunday here, too, of course, but Hebron is a Moslem, not a Christian center, and the place was seething with life. Everybody was out-of-doors, seeking the warm sunlight, for the night had been bitter cold. Each sunny wall had its row of squatting old men, wrapped like mummies in swathe after swathe of their abundant robes. Women were clustered about their doorsteps, or hurrying busily along the streets, quickly covering their faces as we hove in sight. Children were everywhere, playing with mangy dogs, or poking about in the filth of the gutters. The bazaars were as fascinating as those in Damascus, and were crowded with good-natured people who seemed more eager to find a place in the sun than to strike a bargain. We sauntered from shop to shop, chaffered with amiable merchants, priced chains and canes and gaudy scarfs, watched shoemakers making shoes out of automobiles tires and inner tubes, marveled at the infinite variety of man's needs and desires even in this primitive country. We had to tread carefully, for the streets were dirty, and men and women were far from clean. But they were friendly, good-natured, happy, in this day at least, and it was pleasant to be with them.

Of course, we visited the ancient and very famous mosque containing the tombs of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Jacob and Leah. We had passed the tomb of Rachel by the roadside on the way down from Jerusalem! This mosque had for centuries been closed to all Jews and Christians. Even now it was difficult to secure admission, especially in this month of Ramadan. But we had letters from high officials, and after due delay the doors swung open. It was not an impressive or beautiful mosque, and yet there was something unusually attractive about its ancient and much-dimmed splendor. Even the tombs were interesting, for they had imposing proportions, and nobody really seemed to expect us to believe that the bodies of the patriarchs and their wives were there. They were just memorials to great ancestors, and worth seeing as such. But I enjoyed more the richly robed old fellow sitting on his rug in the corner chanting the Koran in his high, clear voice; and that tired pilgrim in the outer court, arrived at last at the shrine of all his dreams; and the proud young scholar who took us about, himself some day to be a high priest of the Prophet. Yes, Hebron had more interest in one of its stones than Bethlehem in all of its walls. I shall go there again!

On the Mount of Olives

On our last night in Jerusalem, we decided to go to the Mount of Olives, and watch the sun set over the city. A little after five in the afternoon, our automobile took us up the long slope of the hill. We stopped for a little time at the British War memorial where, row on row, known and unknown together, there sleep the dead from all the climes of the far-flung Empire who fell in the campaign against the Turk. Then we climbed to the University, so superbly located on the summit of Mt. Scopus. Still beyond lay

the Mount, which we reached just as the sun was touching the western horizon.

The evening was like the one celebrated by Wordsworth in his immortal sonnet—

> It is a beauteous evening calm and free;
> The holy time is quiet as a nun,
> Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
> Is sinking down in its tranquility. . . . .

Behind us, to the east, lay the Jordan and the Dead Sea, now growing dark and drear beneath that rolling waste of desert hills. Before us, just over the ravine of Kedron, was the city, with every roof and spire aflame with light. It was not the city that Jesus knew —it was larger, nobler, more beautiful than Herod's town. But here upon this very Mount, perhaps where we were standing, a few feet from it at least, Jesus had paused on his last entry into the city, and had wept for her, that she should stone the prophets. Here, if nowhere else, we were following in the footsteps of the Nazarene. From this Mount of Olives, he had descended by this road here, and entered Jerusalem by that gate yonder. Just beyond must have stood the temple of Herod, where Jesus preached, and smote the money-changers. Somewhere beyond the temple, outside the wall, not so far away, must have stood Golgotha. The whole vast drama of that last week—the greatest drama in history—had been enacted in the narrow area before me, shining and fading in the evening light. The sun was gone now, and darkness was creeping into house and street. The glittering gold over all the town was turned to dull, dun copper. Strange silence was everywhere. Was it possible that this Mount of Olives had not always looked on such loveliness as this? That it had seen, through smoke and flame, the sack of the city and the slaughter of its inhabitants by Titus—had echoed the Crusaders' clash of arms as they climbed the slope in helmet and mail, and smote the Saracen—had only recently shaken to the reverberation of Allenby's awful guns—and, on a day, had watched the sun sinking, not as tonight behind peaceful roofs and turrets, but behind three crosses, black as night and death and hell against the western splendor!

We turned away, for the city was now gone into the sudden dark. A last shimmer from the Dead Sea caught our gaze. An Arab was singing in his little house. Lights were shining. I wondered—where did Mary go on that last night, and where did the disciples hide themselves?

The Flight to Egypt

The next morning saw us early on our train for Cairo. Within a few hours we were in the Sinai desert, wilting in the heat and choking in the sand and dust. Only the breezes from the Mediterranean, suddenly blue and bright before us, saved us from exhaustion. I marveled no longer at Moses's excitement over the quails and the manna, for how could his fugitives have lived without them? But that story of smiting the rock and making the water to gush forth, was pretty "steep." It would take more than miracle to produce water in this arid waste. Even modern science could not do it, for when Allenby's army in the Great War marched along the line of this railway, they carried with them every drop—a pint of water per day per man for washing, shaving, and drinking. What wonder that that march has became an epoch!

It was the cool of the evening when we left the train at the Suez Canal—and met one more adventure.

"Is this Dr. Holmes," said a tall man in handsome uniform, marked with a badge, "Palestine Police."

"My God," I gasped to myself. *"Arrested!* Have I been saying something foolish, or doing something forbidden? Or have they found me out for what I am—a pacifist, a 'red,' and a dangerous citizen generally *Arrested!!"* But I pulled myself together, and faced the music.

"Yes," I said, as casually as possible. "I'm Mr. Holmes. What's up?"

"I'm Lieut. Best," replied the officer. "Chief of the British post here! I have instructions to take personal charge of you and your party, see you safely through customs, and do anything else I can to serve your comfort and convenience."

Well—here was a change of weather! The whole darned British Empire at my disposal for the crossing of the Canal into Egypt! I began to breathe again!

Getting over this frontier was the easiest thing I ever saw in my life. We went through the customs like greased pigs. Lieut. Best escorted us to his private boat, and had his men row us to the opposite shore. In the train for Cairo, everybody stood aside while we were placed by ourselves in the best compartment. For the first time in my life, I found myself believing in the British Empire. Then—horrible thought! Wasn't this what England—and America!—were always doing to aliens? *Escorting them out of the country?* By the sacred codfish and the golden dome—DEPORTED, and I never knew it!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Cairo, Egypt.

The Hermit-Thrush

Stilless of eventide;
Hush of the dusk
Amidst the hills,
But one clear voice:
A rill of silver music:
A mountain spring
From some clean height
By heaven kist
And there a passing sylph
Glympsed its own image
And stayed and sang,
Entranced at the sight.
Sweet music slipping down
In water on the mountain side:
And didst thou drain it deep into thy soul
At dusk when parched with seeking love
All the long day,
O Hermit-thrush?
Call her once more, thou lovely fairy voice.
Hush! There she answers thee.

E. T.

Signs of the Times

Where there is no vision the people perish.

I accepted an invitation to go to Middletown and preach in the First Congregational Church, morning service. I preached on "A Fresh Discovery of God" or "The Power of Live." I showed that love is the supreme power in the universe. That, while man has never been without some intimation of God, in tree, in animal, in sun, in moon, in ancestors, in tribe, in nation, or as one God, or as a God of might, of justice; the King, the Judge, the Creator — the last, fresh discovery of him is that of a God of Love. That to discover this, and apply the truth to life was to enter upon a thrilling experience—to join the ranks of discoverers. Who will build a Temple of Fame to the Discoverers of God?—to these greater than Columbus, or Edison, or Newton?

On the way to the morning service I passed stacks of Sunday papers—the modern man's Bible—I wondered, how can the church stand up under the competition? The town is being communized, not through voluntary cooperation or propaganda but by outside forces like the chain stores. An interesting sight in the social-economic world today is how Russia is being capitalized and at the same time the United States is being communized. Two countries sharply divided over the principal of private ownership and private profits, but in response to forces over which neither has control America is to an astonishing degree becoming communized and thus losing individuality and the personal factors in the development of local life, while Russia has a kind of capitalistic state socialism, with a communistic goal before her.

And, Mr. Coolidge is to "get over a million dollars for writing" some articles about his rather quiet life —so reports run. Then to think that UNITY has such writers as David Starr Jordan, Frederick Starr, M. K. Gandhi, Tagore, Romain Rolland—every one a star of the first magnitude—and Mrs. Levinson has not yet secured the $200,000 to put UNITY on its feet! One need not wonder that some people doubt if it pays to be good!

The League of Nations is out to protect whales. The Economic Committee is about to hold meetings in Copenhagen, with experts, to give the matter of the possible extinction of whales serious consideration. One is tempted at first to smile at the interest by the League over whales. But, it is really a good sign. It indicates a certain divinity described in the mind of the Father, who cares for the birds of the air. The idea is that the mind of God that cares for birds will logically care even more for his own children—being of more value than birds. If the League cares for whales—much more will it care for the children of men! There was a time in our country when the laws protected hogs more than children. That incongruity couldn't last. So, a whale-caring League will surely care for its own.

With the appearance of the first Spring robin, there has come back to the envelopes which we are receiving each day, the cancellation advertisement of the militarists of the land, "Let's Go! Citizens' Military Camps." This is shouted at us when we receive an Easter card, a dun, a wedding invitation, or a broadside from the National Council for the Prevention of War. Why cannot these Camps pay for their own advertisement, instead of loafing on the taxpayer?

I have noted several articles and books recently, in the titles of which appear the word "changing." "The Changing College" "The Changing Family" and the like. Then there was a time ago the "Changing Chinese." As if change were something new, and to be considered with perplexity. Suppose there is a changing family, or a changing college, or a changing government. Not only should change be expected, but heralded with joy. When we think of change, it is well to think of what in the universe is unchangeable. This will prepare better for changes. There is a very worshipful hymn that runs, "O, thou that changeth not, abide with me." I picked up the Gideons' Bible in the Mitchell Inn and read of certain qualities, principles on elements, in life, that abide. They are called, "faith, hope and love." Whoever is possessed with these "graces" easily surrenders material forms and passes on to the next stage to which he is being called. There are certain principles—especially the principle of love—that are the "same yesterday, today and forever." It is more important to grasp that idea, than to be conscious that we are living in a changing world. This is really superficial. The spiritually-minded — i. e. those who dwell in the spiritual principles—will pay little attention to the changing family, to the changing government—they will not mind either way whether an article of faith is revised, it being a "childish thing" and not worth bothering over. One will not be restless and anxious about what he shall wear, or eat. He will be conscious of an abiding faith in an unchanging love.

Einstein went up a notch in my esteem when he ignored the attack on his theory of relativity by Cardinal O'Connell. That was paying proper respect to the cloth. There is one man who has always stood high in my esteem when, as a young man, I heard about him. It was a Quaker who refused to take off his hat for the pope. Cromwell had great respect for George Fox because he treated the Ironman, as a common man. The press intimates that Helen Wills will seek audience of the queen, at St. James Court. I sincerely hope not. She will go down a notch in my esteem. She is already a queen, with no superior. Ditto, with Lindbergh, if in a moment of weakness, he bowed the knee to royalty. If there is one thing that America stands for above other things it is the democratic repudiation of kings' courts as being royal and socially superior. This is not democratic snobbery, or snubbery. It is proclaiming to the world the brotherhood of man, and that there is no man on earth, to whom another should bow as to a superior.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Creative Pacifism

(From Our Palestine Correspondent)

Pacifism is, with many men and women, a sentimental reaction against the horrors of war and the barbarian degradation of human dignity by military discipline. It is a good and legitimate sentiment. It will lead strong and courageous persons to dauntless *no* in face of war, to an intrepid challenge to State and Society. With some it may grow into one of the immortal adventures of the struggle of individual conscience against oppression. But it will not do so with many. It will content itself with some feeble protest at the outset and will become ever weaker as public opinion grows more and more domineering. Sentimental reaction is not enough. It does not do justice to the tragic depth of historical destiny. The way of history is not the royal road of ethical conduct of life. It is a narrow and crooked path, and mankind finds itself at every step before new precipices of fatality. Pacifism cannot content itself with a right sentiment or a simple *no,* if it wishes to become a real force in history and a great contribution to the spiritual distinction of mankind. It has boldly to think out to their logical ends all the implications of fate, of men's historical and mental interwovenness with race and creed, society and crime, household and property. Pacifism has to become creative; it has to enrich human thought on all great problems of historical and social life by new solutions; it has to become a positive, yes, to permeate all social relations from the family and education to the state and its rights and duties; it must have a reply to all the urgent problems of the time—nationalism, struggle of races, migration of races, revolution, change of the social order. Pacifism will not advance further as a movement and cannot capture wider circles without exploring the spiritual foundation of the movement.

This is the principal reason why the publication of the new "Handbook of Active Pacifism," which Dr. Franz Kobler has edited under the name *"Gewalt und Gewaltlorisheit"* (Violence and Non-Violence), is to be welcomed. It has appeared with the collaboration of many distinguished writers and thinkers in Germany in the Rotapfelverlag in Zurich (Switzerland). It is a book to be read by every pacifist and by every anti-pacifist. It is the first step in the right direction towards putting the discussion about pacifism on a broader basis, towards creating a philosophy of pacifism. It is only the first step. The venture of this book, of which an English edition is very much wanted, must be taken up again and again in an ever broader and broader discussion. I do not believe that the name of the "Handbook" indicates sufficiently the basis of pacifism. Violence and non-violence is an antithesis much too narrow to answer the complexities of historical life. Without doubt non-violence is the right attitude; it has to become the guiding principle of our life as citizens and as individuals. But it has to be thought out in all its implications. It is a norm, but it is no argument. The problem of violence and non-violence belongs to those problems deeply reaching into the eternal reality and secretness of life, it cannot be solved by thought, but only by action, it is a logical antinomy, soluble only by religious faith, not by reasoning.

Pacifism must face facts. It is its first task to see things as they are and to see them through. It must get a detailed knowledge of all events and currents in the social and political sphere. It must understand the underlying motives and tendencies. Pacifists have no right to delude themselves by simplifying things or by seeing them through a deceptive veil of sentimentality. The greatest danger to constructive pacifism are the Babbitts who in lunch time addresses talk about peace, never trying to think out what peace really implicates, and the visionary enthusiast who gets caught by his own egoism and desires. Pacifism is a system of political philosophy and science, sociology and ethics, philosophy of history and, above all, clear thinking and the courage to act according to our inner life.

Pacifism is based, as is in truth every faith, be it atheism or evolutionarism, upon religious metaphysics. Pacifism means belief in a paradox which is in contradiction to all human experience in history. It means belief in the solidarity of the human race and in the dignity and sanctity of all human life. This belief is the foundation of Pacifism. It contradicts all empirical history, but it contradicts it not more than do democracy or monarchy. Democracy believes in the equality of men and in the true expression of the people's best spirit and mind by popular representation, neither ever proven by history. Monarchy believes in the superiority by God's grace of one man by his birth, history has only two often proven this man even inferior to the average. But the belief underlying pacifism has been the common philosophic conviction of the whole of the great philosophers and religious teachers of mankind. These principles were proclaimed by the Jewish prophets as well as by the Stoa, by Laotse as well as by Gandhi, by Kant as well as by George Fox. I believe that pacifism as a movement can look hopefully into the future because it is attempting to transform into reality what hitherto has been the universal religions and philosophic conviction. True pacifists are trying to live in their lives, to transform into daily reality what had been the hope of many centuries, but what had been postponed till the coming of the last day. We have to do it now and here, in our life and on this earth. We have to do our utmost, all else does not depend upon us.

From this basis pacifism has to face all problems of social and political life. The book, *"Gewalt und Gewaltlorisheit"* is a first attempt to ask what are the relations of a pacifist toward nationalism, revolution, religion, every day's life. Different answers are given. The voices of all races and all creeds mingle here. But there is a unity in all that variety and it is this unity which is so helpful. Indians and Englishmen, Russians and Servians, Catholics and Jews, Protestants and freethinkers converse here, every man deeply rooted in his historical traditions, in his intellectual home, and nevertheless all uniting in a common attitude toward life. Many of the solutions shown are only provisional, they do not exhaust all the depth of the problems, but they are the beginning of a discussion which is to be resumed again and again. A way is shown here, a doctrine is stated. But we ought not to forget, that the doctrine is to be learned and the way is to be taken.

HANS KOHN.

Jerusalem, Palestine.

The Italian Election

(From Our Italian Correspondent)

Yesterday was election day in Italy. However farcical Chicago elections may sometimes seem, they are model expressions of popular will as contrasted to this present "election" in Italy.

Days before the election Rome, like every other part of Italy, was plastered from end to end with placards which had but one word printed on them—"Si" meaning "Yes." Shop windows and street cars, taxicabs and even private automobiles were labeled. No one dared admit that they did not want to be ticketed. Bands played, soldiers marched, aeroplanes buzzed in processions across the blue sky. It was a sort of intimidation as well as a swaggering.

The evening before the plebiscite Turati, secretary of the Fascist Party and next to Mussolini in power, made a speech at a mass meeting held in the most centrally located piazza in Rome. Workmen were brought to the meeting from their factories in trucks. No one dared to stay away. They knew it would mean being fired from their jobs and there is too much unemployment in Italy, too much poverty, for any one to risk his job for a mere principle. Principles stay carefully under cover these days.

The next day ninety per cent of the men empowered to vote appeared at the polls and ninety-nine per cent of them voted "Si." What did they vote for and why?

The issue of the election was "Do you approve the list of 400 deputies selected for the new fascist corporative congress by Mussolini?" That was all. There was no possibility of choosing between candidates. The citizens were invited to vote March 24 "yes" or "no." The ayes and noes did not signify approval or disapproval of the already selected and elected deputies, but merely approval or disapproval of the general policy of Fascism.

Since the deputies had already been selected and the new parliament constituted there were those who wondered why all the fuss and bother of getting out the vote, why all the placarding and bands and marching. But there were astute reasons for this. In the first place it was a conclusive demonstration of the all pervasive strength of the Fascist Party, Further, it was a subtle method of bringing to light any survival of the dissatisfied or stubborn element. Most important of all it was a gesture to the credulous outside world of the popularity of Fascism.

The reason that nearly every one voted an affirmative may be gathered from the method in which the polling was done.

The presiding officer of every polling station was either a magistrate or an officer of the Fascist militia. The assisting clerks were appointed by the local podesta (a podesta is a sort of mayor, but with much more authority). The electors on entering the polling station were presented with two printed papers, one with the word "Yes" and the other with the word "No." The elector took the two papers, entered the booth, sealed them up, dropped the one he did not want into a box placed inside the booth, and came out with the other which he handed over to the president. The president had two subtle methods of discovering how the elector voted. The paper with the word "Yes" was printed in the national colors, red, white and green. The other paper was plain. By holding the ballot up to the light it was easy to see which vote had been cast. The other method was this. Before the presiding officer handed the two ballot papers to the elector, the president had to stamp and sign both papers on the exterior side. It was possible thus to make the signatures different or to stamp the "Yes" ballot on one side and the "No" ballot on the other.

In several small constituencies word was passed about that Fascists should not retire into the booths, but should mark their "Yes" ballot openly. Retiring to the booth thus meant that electors intended to vote "No."

Several days before the election there were many who, not being able to afford to vote "No," had decided to abstain from going to the polls. But this contingency was also prepared for. Every quarter of every city and town was thoroughly organized. A Fascist delegate was appointed for every quarter, another for every street and another for every house. The job of the delegate was to see that every one went to vote and to take down the names of those who did not.

I went to the country to spend election day. The tram was crowded with people going to their villages to vote. They had received a 70 per cent railway reduction for making the trip. At each station the tram was met by a large truck manned by a blackshirt or two and the country folk were whisked off to the polls. The podestas of the villages had been summoned by the prefects and told that Mussolini would hold them responsible if a single elector did not do his duty." In many villages the men of the town went to the polls in a body led by a band, a priest and a blackshirt. This was the first time that the clergy and catholic lay leaders participated conspicuously in the elections. In many instances the church urged voters to the polls indicating that a favorable vote meant approval of the concordat recently signed by Mussolini and Cardinal Gasparri.

And so ninety per cent of Italian voters went to the polls and ninety-nine percent voted an approval of Mussolini's deputies. Liberals draw one comfort from the plebiscite. The vote against the regime was so infinitesimal that Mussolini feels his ship of state secure. His close partisans believe that he will soon grant a general amnesty to at least some of his political foes now languishing on the islands. A large anti-vote would have resulted in further repressive measures, while it would have in no way modified the grip of Mussolini and his cohorts upon every phase of Italian life.

DOROTHY WALTON.

Rome, Italy.

The Study Table

Biographies—What Kind?

The Editor-in-Chief of UNITY once said, in speaking before a group of those interested in improving the curriculum of Theological Schools, that much now taught in such institutions could well be displaced and a "good course in biographies substituted."

All who read UNITY are glad that Mr. Holmes reads so many biographies and tells us about them. But there is a question as to the sort of biography that would be of use in training men and women for the religious ministry if made a major course in theological schools.

Carlyle's saying that "history is the biography of great men" is now matched by the modern idea that great men are produced by great events and great crises in social change, and come only to meet a need to the supply of which they contribute little.

Today "debunking," to use the elegant phrase for the common process of showing how poor a thing the great of earth really are, is the fashion. Yet is it not true, as of old, that the outlines of the men and women who have lived to be etched upon the consciousness of the race as leaders and interpreters have a fascination that no modern dabster in letters can wholly smirch or spoil?

There seem to be three general types of biographers; one the type of the novelist who sees his character as a person of charm whatever he may do or not do. We have in "Disraeli" by Andre Maurois such a biographer. Not that his facts are cloudy or that his authenticity can be impeached but that his treatment of the unique hero is that of the writer who knows how at every point to set his chosen figure in the best light and with full appreciation of the contribution of the facts to that preeminence. It is easy to see why Maurois should choose Disraeli as the hero of his tale. He speaks contemptuously of the "middle-class people of England" whom Gladstone represented, as those to whom "the law of supply and demand was their gospel, the locomotive their fetish, and Manchester their Holy City." He shows in this his own preference for the oriental imagination of his hero. When he charges Sir Robert Peel with being "attacked by the gravest of political maladies, ambition with moral symptoms," and speaks of that malady as one that "does not admit of pardon" it indicates that the kind of ambition that Disraeli had, that which appealed to vanity in the Queen and her love of power, without any touch of moral complications, is the sort this biographer finds most alluring.

It may be true as Maurois says that "Gladstone's tendency was to believe that his desires were those of the Almighty," and such a tendency, like the reformer's "one with God is a majority," may lead one far from the path of real progress. Yet that it has been for England's permanent advantage to have become the Empire that is now breaking up in some confusion that may lead to violence and war, is a question that is yet to be answered.

The second type of biographer is one that attacks what he considers a popular misunderstanding and takes from the altar a popular idol and shows clearly its true character. Such is the masterly biography of Henry Ward Beecher by Paxton Hibben. That at this late date the "Beecher case" which started the public press on its modern road of publishing so much not "fit to print," should be so brought into light, is in itself a sign that biography from the standpoint of exact knowledge of facts and fearless statement of actual occurrences is become a great modern attraction to leading minds.

It seems to some readers that Beecher is left too much the selfish libertine and too little the man self-deluded, if deluded at all, yet one that did see what was coming and welcomed the morning light. He is left by this biography of Hibben's, only the self-seeker who waited until the band-wagon was in sight and then ran to climb on it and who never served the oncoming cause until it became popular.

Yet to those who know what the struggle for liberty and freedom of thought within the orthodox Christian churches of Beecher's time really was and what great contributions Plymouth church made to that liberalizing of religious faith which has now resulted in the Federal Council of Churches, this seems scant justice to Beecher or to the many-sided movements of the time in which he lived.

The fact that a tardy justice to Tilton may excuse any revival of the incidents that made his a ruined life, and the fact that psycho-analysis did not serve to make clear such a complex situation as that of Mrs. Tilton, since such scientific investigation was not yet born, and the further fact that it is not good for truth to be buried under a mush of popular feeling, are the real reasons why the Beecher biography may be of use. And certainly it is a model of analysis and of interpretation, in the light of a new day, of that which has passed into historic twilight.

There is a third type of biographer, that of the writer who is specially attracted to some one great epoch of social change and is specially drawn to the portraiture of some one great person who was one of the stars in the epic of that time. Such is the type so finely displayed in Oswald Garrison Villard's "John Brown." All-inclusive in its demonstrably accurate citation of facts, clear in its frank and critical analysis of the hero of the tale, deeply devoted to the moral issues of the time it illustrates, this life of John Brown is of the sort that balances and explains and sets down naught in malice but works all facts into a great picture. It is cheering news that a new edition of this book, called forth by Benét's great poem "John Brown's Body," will soon be ready for the new crop of readers the new interest in the national epic of the Civil War, and its causes and results, is raising.

Reading this book again after the stirring admiration of Benét's book sends us all to the biographies and the histories of the time there portrayed, this reader is struck again by the fine quality of the one great biography of John Brown as yet produced.

That John Brown was as Thoreau called him "a volcano with an ordinary chimney flue" seems clear; yet as Gov. Andrews said "Whether his enterprise and

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

"CHINA'S MILLIONS"

Anna Louise Strong, Author

Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, Publishers

My daughter sails this week for England, Russia and Central Asia. She leaves behind about 500 sets (two volumes each) of a paper-edition of her $4.00 book on "China's Millions," published by Coward-McCann, which were printed for her lecture tours. Excepting the cover, the paper-bound is the duplicate of the cloth edition, in illustration, type, quality of paper, etc.

Harry F. Ward, in *The New Republic,* says:

"There is no other book on China like this, and all the rest put together make but an incomplete picture without it. Its theme and method are its own and the equipment of the writer is unique for the task—university training, journalistic gifts and experience, inside knowledge of our labor movement and the Soviet experiment, a realistic acquaintance with 'The People's Power' and those who wield it. It is journalistic history—like John Reed's 'Ten Days that Shook the World.' Also, it gives us a view of the material for the future. It is an astonishing and heartening revelation of capacity and self-control, of tenacity and courage that she has recorded.

"The awakening of these millions to their own capacities is the essential and most significant result of recent events in China. This much cannot be missed even by comfortable Americans if only they will read Miss Strong's book. The peasants will write the last chapter in the story of the revolution. And before then many more will die in brutal shame like Wang Su Chun, who walked with her head high in the wind 'that blew her to destruction,' and Yang, the scholar, whose body was hacked to pieces and fed to the dogs by his foes to make sure that his memory could live only in dishonor and contempt. But their souls go marching on!"

Lewis S. Gannett, in *The Nation,* says:

"Miss Strong saw things which no other Western writer has seen. Hers is a totally different book on China; no other book so vividly pictures the tragically ardent and gloriously young women of new China or tells the story of the peasant and worker support of the Nationalist movement from inside. Her report of the days of the 'People's Power' in Hunan, and of the reaction that followed it, is an important and unique document.

"Miss Strong left Hunan convinced that 'no peasant revolution in history had organized so quickly and with such discipline' as that which she had seen, and that such peasants and workers would 'carry their country out of the Middle Ages into the modern world.'"

The New York Library bought 12 copies for its shelves.

These paper-bound books of "China's Millions" (413 pages, 20 illustrations) she has left behind with me to sell, which I shall be glad to do at the following prices: One set (two volumes), $2.00. Two sets, $3.25. Five sets, $7.00. Postpaid, in all cases, to any part of the world. Address is

Sydney Strong,
425 4th Avenue (6th floor),
New York City.

Note: The special offer made to UNITY readers in issue of March 11 **expires June 1**—"China's Millions" and four months' subscription to UNITY for $2.00.

A COMPACT OF AMITY FOR THE CHURCHES

Dr. Peter Ainslie, Editor of the *Christian Union Quarterly,* suggests in the current issue of his paper that the churches should subscribe to a compact of reconciliation aimed toward a united Christian world. The compact, as published, in the *Quarterly,* is as follows:

We Christians of various churches, believing that only in a cooperative and united Christendom can the world be Christianized, deplore a divided Christendom as being opposed to the Spirit of Christ and the needs of the world; and we are convinced that the Christianizing of the world is greatly hindered by divisive and rivaling churches.

We, therefore, desire to express our sympathetic interest in and prayerful attitude toward all conferences, small and large, that are looking toward reconciliation of the divided church of Christ; and we propose to practice, in all our spiritual fellowships, the equality of all Christians before God, so that no Christian shall be denied membership in our churches, nor a place in our celebration of the Lord's supper, nor any ministry be denied the courtesies of our pulpits; and, further, irrespective of denominational barriers, we pledge to be brethren one to another in the name of Jesus Christ, our

(Continued on Page 144)

Correspondence

Praise of Dr. Mussey

Editor of UNITY:

I should like very much to get some extra copies of your issue of March 18 or reprints of Mr. Mussey's article on "Peace and Trade." It seems to me a very valuable thing to have published.

The so-called radical groups which we ought to be able to count on in the peace movement too often hold aloof, or worse, because of the conviction that we must change our whole economic order before we can hope to have peace—in some instances, of course, the feeling is that we do not want peace until we have changed it. This point of view has always seemed to me a fundamental misconception of the real situation. Without peace you cannot hope to change the economic order; the toleration of the war system contradicts every effort in the interest of human welfare and human justice. To anything published in your magazine and anything written by Mr. Mussey the people whom I think it is important to convert will listen.

FLORENCE BREWER BOECKEL.

Educational Director, National Council for Prevention of War, Washington, D. C.

Two Kinds of Humanism
Which Shall We Choose?

Editor of UNITY:

There is a smaller Humanism, and there is a larger. There is a limited, partial, incomplete Humanism, and there is one that is whole and complete. The first has to do with man without God, man bereaved of God. The second has to do with man related, indissolubly related, to God ("Himself from God he could not free.") The first, the smaller, the limited Humanism, is good, so far as it goes. But why stop where it stops? Why confine ourselves to the partial when we can have the more complete? Channing, Parker, Hale, Martineau, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, had all that Dietrich, Slaten and Reese have—absolutely all of their "freedom," "reason," "social service," "service of humanity," and they had an intelligent, rational beautiful, mightily inspiring and uplifting faith in God besides. Was not that better? Shall our Unitarian Churches be satisfied with the smaller and poorer, when they can have the larger and richer?

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

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that of his associates was wise or foolish, right or wrong, John Brown himself was right."

We are now far enough from the Civil War and from the crusade against slavery to understand what no one could at the time the conflict raged. Perhaps we shall sooner get where the tale of the War can be imaged forth in the lives of men and women who acted in its drama than has been possible in the case of the struggle between the North and the South in our own country. We move faster these days than of old. Whatever may be in store for us in the great biographies of the leading actors in the World War, the writers may well take a lesson from Villard's "John Brown" on how to do it. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

Lord and Saviour, whose we are and whom we serve.

In an editorial accompanying this platform, Dr. Ainslie refers to the Kellogg Pact, which he calls "the triumph of an idealism that must take its place by the side of those miraculous achievements in modern science." The Editor then continues:

"But where are the churches with their contribution of brotherhood?" "Is it possible for them to form a league of co-operation or sign an agreement for the abandonment of their isolations? The scientists and statesmen are moving forward with results that may be classified as modern miracles. Once there was a miraculous power in the Church; but in the luxury of their denominational pride the churches—Eastern Orthodox, Roman Catholic, Anglican and Protestant—have revealed an amazing contentment in their isolations. Long ago Christ said that a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand.

"Is there no hope for a convincing expression of brotherhood among Christians? Are the churches to remain forever the most backward organizations in brotherhood? Is not the whole world eager for something beyond what the churches are now giving? Is the reality of a united Christendom possible?

"As a venture to break into these denominational isolations and contentments, a reconciliation pact between the churches was drafted and courteously submitted to 100 American Christians—Eastern Orthodox, Roman Catholic and Protestant."

Some of those queried, the editorial reported, signed with expressions of enthusiasm; others dissented from signing for various reasons; others would sign with reservations. Among the reservationists was Bishop John G. Murray, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Rev. Edward L. Parsons, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of San Francisco, wrote approvingly of the idea. The editorial closes as follows:

"The reconciliation pact between the churches is very simple. It affirms the need of a united Christendom in order to Christianize the the world, and the steps toward that accomplishment are (1) conferences between Christians who differ, (2) practicing equality of all Christians before God, and (3) pledging to be brethren one to another. These statements might have been put into the very words of Jesus. They are His ideals.

"The reconciliation pact is an attempt to call us to His ideals and His Spirit. Some years ago, in a letter from the late Cardinal Gibbons, he expressed regret that we were not further along now so that we could do these things, and assured us of his prayers to that end. But in this instance the four American Roman Catholic Cardinals did not answer; neither did the Eastern Orthodox, nor some of the Protestant bodies—in all fourteen persons did not answer.

"Thirteen wrote declining to sign the pact for various reasons; five were willing to sign with reservations, and five were out of the country. It is signed by sixty-three persons from fifteen denominations that aggregate in membership more than 16,000,000. Some in all these denominations would dissent from the reconciliation pact; in some instances many would dissent; but, on the other hand, the fact is that sixty-three persons from these denominations have signed the reconciliation pact and there are thousands in all these denominations who stand with these sixty-three signers. It is a significant observation of conditions among the churches."

New York clergymen who have subscribed to the compact are the Rev. Robert A. Ashworth, Baptist Church of the Redeemer, Yonkers; the Rev. Arthur J. Brown, Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church; the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Union Theological Seminary; the Rev. Dr. Finis S. Idleman, Central Church of Disciples; the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, Broadway Tabernacle Congregational Church; the Rev. Frederick Lynch, Educational Secretary of the Church Peace Union.

Also, the Rev. Francis J. McConnell, Methodist Bishop in New York; the Rev. L. W. McCreary, Park Avenue Church, Disciples of Christ, East Orange, N. J.; the Rev. Dr. William P. Merrill, Brick Presbyterian Church; the Rev. Reinhold Neibuhr, Union Theological Seminary; the Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood, St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church; the Rev. Daniel A. Poling, editor of The Christian Herald; the Rev. Dr. Karl Reiland, St. George's Episcopal Church; Guy Emery Shipler, editor of The Churchman; and the Rev. Dr. Wilson R. Stearly, Protestant Episcopal Bishop at Newark.

German Experts in Moscow

Professor Winkler and Heimsett, the famous German art scholars have arrived in Moscow.

Prof. Winkler has been here three years ago and on his return to Germany delivered several addresses on Soviet art and on the restoration of antiques which is being effected in the USSR.

At the present time Prof. Winkler is writing a book on the art of Eastern Europe. He has come here owing to the necessity of collecting material concerning ancient Russian art. For this purpose he proposes to visit not only Moscow but Leningrad, Novgorod and Pskov as well.

Simultaneously, Prof. Winkler proposes to collect materials for his work "The Part Played by Women in Russian Culture from the XVIII Century onwards."

Moscow Weekly News Bulletin.

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